

SPIRITUAL SONGS
FOR
CHILDREN:
OR,
POEMS

On several SUBJECTS and
OCCASIONS.

By Mr. *WRIGHT.* (g)



L O N D O N:

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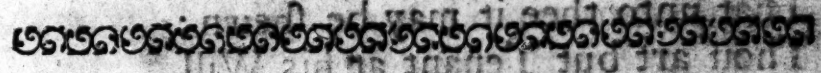
On the Day of Judgment.



Spiritual Songs

FOR

CHILDREN.



A Poetical Soliloquy; or a Believer triumphing under Troubles.



W^HY art thou sad, my Soul,
this Day
The Lord himself hath made
thy Way;
Wait but a While, and thou
shalt see,

His Love in all that comes to thee.
Methinks I hear his pleasant Voice,
Commanding thee for to rejoice,

B

Though

Though World and Satan, Law and Sin
Combine to make thee dark within:
Whilst Providence bids Joy depart,
The Promise brings it to thine Heart.
God in his outward Acts may frown
When he in Love sends Comfort down.
Sometimes with Thorns he compass thee,
And blasts thee with Calamity:
Yet by and by he will revive,
And make thy Soul like Corn to thrive.
He lets old *Adam* do his Part,
And so thereby convince thy Heart,
That Leprosy in thee remain,
And by this meant thy Pride restrain.
He gives and takes away his own,
That unto thee it may be shewn;
Thou art but Tenant at his Will,
The Right in him remaining still.
When thou hast on Mount *Tabor* been,
And there his Glory thou hast seen;
He turns thee down from off the Hill,
But yet he underprops thee still.
These are the Changes ty'd to Time,
But after these there's Joys sublime;
When pale-fac'd Death hath done his Part,
Then lasting Life shall fill thy Heart.
When thou dost mount above the Stars,
Thou shalt have Freedom from all Jars:
Thy Poverty, thy Sin and Fears,
Shall drop away with all thy Tears.

In all the shining Orbs above,
'There's nothing but triumphant Love:
Cold Doubtings and Perplexity,
Together with thy Dust must die.
On Bubbles here thou sett'st thy Mind,
And they are broke with every Wind;
And that which thou dost Beauty call,
To-morrow will to Ashes fall.
But when thy Soul is once unty'd,
'Thy Pleasures then will all abide;
Thou shalt with Saints and Angels sing,
A Winter once, but now a Spring.
The upper Court no Temple knows,
No Prayers, nor religious Vows;
For there all Worship is but one,
And that is Praise to God alone.
When thou art got above the Sun,
Thou shalt not ask how Glasses run;
Thy Life will undivided be,
And all in one thy Soul shall see.
The Lord will be thy lasting Light,
And Jesus ever in thy Sight.
O then, my Soul, come take thy Flight,
And if thou wilt, be gone this Night.

*A Journey from this World to the
World behind the Curtain.*



IS known to all, this World
is full of Grief,
I almost think 'tis but a civil
Thief;
It offers much, but little doth
it give;

How can I chuse in such a World to live?
'Tis Froward, Peevish, Changing, full of
Turns,

Sometimes it Freezes, by and by it Burns:
It shews me dainty Things, but whilst
that I

Upon them gaze, they slightly pass me by:
Much like a Flea that skips upon my Hand,
But yet it will not be at my Command.
When I upon this World did meditate,
I quickly found it always came too late,
To help me in a Strait, or else too soon;
For when I wanted, it was always gone.
So being much distracted I went on;
To seek another World when this was
done:

I went a little Way, and there I found,
A Piece of blessed consecrated Ground,
Where ev'ry Dweller doth in safety lye,
And yet no Man can claim a Property;

'Tis

'Tis common unto all without a Stain,
'Tis water'd too without one Drop of
Rain:

No Creatures Goodness can a Title give,
But all must on the Donor's Mercy live:
'The worst of Sinners here, may have a Part,
Provided they lye in the Donor's Heart.
I saw old *Adam* there, who by his Fall,
Defil'd a World, and so condemn'd 'em all;
He shines as much as any of the rest,
And *Eve* herself with Happiness is blest;
And *Abram* too, that did his Wife deny,
Is beautify'd with all Felicity;
And *Lot* who did his Daughters dear defile,
Is always look'd on with a pleasing Smile;
Although his Wife for making of one Halt,
Was therefore turn'd into an Heap of Salt;
Sampson was but a halting Man in Life,
And all his Days were exercis'd in Strife;
Yet he is here set down in lasting Peace;
And vexing *Delilah* from him doth cease:
But being there, I thought I would go on,
To see if I could find King *Solomon*,
Who had a Thousand Objects of Delight,
To charm his Senses, and to blind his Sight;
And though 'tis strange that such an one
as he
Should enter there; yet there I did him see,
No more to be defil'd by Heathen Routs;
He's taken in, and all his Wives shut out.

And Thousands more with these do daily
join,

There's constant Access to this World Di-
vine;

And some that went with Crutches all their
Days,

In passing thither make no long Delays.

But yet I was not fully satisfy'd,

I thought there was another Sort that dy'd,

Of whom in this sweet Place I none could
see,

And yet I knew they could not cease to be:

To know the State of these I had a Mind,

Which in the present World is hard to
find;

For gross Debauchees, Drunkards, and the
Train,

Of open Sinners, doubtless they're in Pain:

The Doubt I had was of some other Men,

Who seem to make their Way 'twixt

Grace and Sin,

That chuse an honest Path, and dealing
just;

That Chaste were born, and never stain'd
with Lust:

Who all devouring Avarice deery,

And give themselves to Works of Charity:

Who live as blameless as the brave young

Man

Who came to Christ with a do this I can.

Com.

Concerning these, my Soul did then enquire,
The Answer was, They salted were with
Fire;

For though they Shone in a Self-Righteous
Dress;

They were not clad with spotless Righte-
ousness;

But cheated their own Souls in doing well,
And so though good, yet not too good for
Hell.

This was a solemn Journey which I took,
And the Memoirs thereof are in God's
Book;

Salvation now I see to be by Grace,
And Sov'reignty doth here alone take Place.

*A Poetical Exercise on the Author's
Journey into Middlesex, and to the
famous City of London; where
he arrived May 12 1708.*



LONDON! What's London? 'Tis
a World of Things!

It charms the Peasant, and be-
witches Kings;

It entertains the Students with
Delights,

And puts the Criminal in many Frights.

London! What's London? 'Tis a World of
 Men,
 And in this World there is a World of Sin;
 The worst of Villainy doth here find Place,
 Yet in this Town there is a World of Grace.
 London! What's London? 'Tis a World of
 Pride,
 Frizels and Furbelows on ev'ry Side;
 Patches like Moles, and powder'd Wiggs
 like Snow,
 Ladies like Peacocks with their Gallants go;
 Professor and Profane are sunk alike,
 There are but few that dar'st this Serpent
 strike;
 And those that do have but few Thanks
 from those,
 Whose wanton Dresses they with Zeal
 oppose.
 In London you may many Sermons hear,
 All sorts of Preachers pitch their Dwellings
 there;
 Some preach the Law, and some the Gos-
 pel shew,
 Some mix them so, that we can neither
 know.
 Both Jews and Gentiles worship their own
 Way,
 Some chant with Organs, and with Whirl-
 gigs pray:

The *Jews* are veil'd whilst they do sweetly
sing,
And spread the Law with mighty Triumph-
ing:

Yet in their Gestures little doth appear,
But Mirth and Vanity: 'Tis very rare,
To find a pensive Look or mournful Eye,
Amongst them all in their Captivity.

London is full of Buildings tall and fair,
Brave Halls, and Hospitals, with some good
Air,

For Poor and Lane, for Maimed, and for
Sick,

For Mad, Distracted, and for Lunatick:
These last in *Bedlam* you may see, and there,
Some Sing, some Cry, and some do Curse
and Swear.

Some sit like Stones, and some do Pictures
draw;

And some like Beasts lye down on Beds of
Straw.

This Sight would make a stony Heart to
Bleed,
And cause the Fearful to run out with
Speed.

Then view the *Tower* and the *Demour* there,
'Twill make you think that all Men Fight-
ers are.

And others they of *Plucking* take their fill
The *Black*, fall Edge, &c. B. 5. The

The breathless Shapes of Princes there do stand,

But cannot move the Breadth of one poor Hand.

Westminster Abbey doth their Bones contain,
You trample on them, but they feel no Pain.
In *Gresham* College Wonders may be seen,
Of Beasts and Birds, Fishes and Serpents keen;

These Works of God speak forth their Author's Praise,

And serve good Men their Love to him to raise.

Look on the People as they pass along,
Mark well the Numbers of the noisy Throng;

You'll think that Infants like the Drops fall down,

From Clouds above to cover all the Town.

If you observe the Market's dainty Store,

You'll say that most Men love their Bellies more,

Than him that made them; yet if you again,
Look on the Mouths, you cannot much complain.

Great Multitudes are toying all the Day,
But Things that perish bear the greatest Sway;

And others they of Pleasure take their Fill,
Fall Back, fall Edge, they fear not any Ill.
Yet

Yet after all, 'tis all but Vanity,
 Poor Men are faithless, Rich Men are a
 Lye;
 Great Beauty, Learning, Pleasure, Wit
 and Lust,
 Must change their Place, and quickly lye
 in Dust.

What are fine Garments in a glitt'ring Day,
 But splendid Cases of corrupting Clay?
 The best of Food corrupted, is impure,
 Fine Rooms and Gardens can't our Health
 secure.

Give me a House that never will decay,
 And Garments that will never wear away:
 Give me a Friend that never will depart,
 Give me a Ruler that can rule my Heart:

*A Piece of Poesy upon the Vanity
 of Temporal Things.*

UPON a Time I took a sober View,
 Of Things below, that were
 both Old and New;
 For I had heard, that all was Va-
 nity,
 But still I long'd the Truth of this to try.
 I went

I went to Riches first, for they are prais'd,
 And Men by them from Poverty are rais'd;
 They did not know me, so I turn'd aside,
 And as I went these Words from me did
 slide :

The poor Man's Poverty is want of Things,
 This is the Difference 'twixt him and
 Kings:

He's born as Rich, and dies as Rich as they,
 Their only Excellence is by the Way.

I look'd on Health, and thought it would
 me please,

But in its Womb I found a great Disease;
 'Twas busy all the Day, but nothing
 Wrought,

For him that gave it, so it came to Nought.

I found the Tradesman waiting in his Shop;

The flanting Lady building up her Top;

The wealthy Miser counting up his Gains;

The Sick and wounded telling of their
 Pains:

These all complain that they have much
 to do,

Yet most of them can never tell us how,

They profit whilst they live, and when they
 die,

We say no more of them but here they lie.

Like Swallows they into our Climate come,

To build and breed, and nourish up their

Young.

When

When this is done, they take their Flight
away,

And come no more until the Judgment Day;
Favour and Beauty these are also vain,
And put Admirers to incessant Pain;
Who loves them, never shall of them be
sure,

And when enjoy'd they cannot long endure.
But being sick of these, I turn'd mine Eye,
Unto the learned Tribe; for sure thought I,
These Men are wise, and Wisdom will im-
prove,

But they were useless whilst their Pens did
move;

For tho' they had the Nurture of the Schools,
They came from thence but more accom-
plish'd Fools.

Yet tho' I saw a Vanity in Arts,
I had a better Thought of Gospel Parts;
But then I found a Moth in them to dwell,
A Man may have them, and yet go to Hell.
I pass'd from these to Honours and Renowns,
To Palace-Royals, and majestick Crowns;
They stood so high, I could not see them
well,

But presently they dy'd, and down they fell;
And though before 'twould take a Giant's
Sight,

For to survey them, now a Pigmire might.

When these were past, I thought I would
enquire

How Love and Friendship might a Soul in-
spire;

I went on softly, making here and there
Designed Pauses, for I went in Fear;

Yet having seen much Vanity before,
I thought there might in these be something
more;

But here, alas! was no Security;
For these had learn'd the Way to cog and
lie,

And here I saw both Heat and Cold to
dwell;

Sometimes they draw, and sometimes they
repel:

At last I came to Covenants and Vows,
Expecting Fruit upon those woven Boughs;
Yet there I found no Great but Compliment,
And Thread-bare Stuff, whose Texture soon
was rent.

But Jesus Christ is Substance, he alone;
In him all Riches sweetly meet in one;
He is enough to fill the Soul's Desire,
And turn its Love into an holy Fire.

An

An Hymn on Eternity.

Eternity did ne'er begin *If. xliii. 10.*

'Tis always now and yet; ^{13.} *Mal. iii. 6.*

It changeth not by Chance
and Lot,

'Tis in *Jehovah* set.

Eternity sets all Things down, *If. xlv. 10.*

That 'Time should bring about ;

It nam'd the Men now damn'd for

Sin.

And chose the saved out.

Rom. ix. 11,
13.

Eternity said Christ should die,

For such as God did love ;

It laid on him the Weight of Sin,

That it might Sin remove.

Rev. xiii. 8.

Prov. vi. 1.

22. 23.

If. liii. 6.

Eternity hath passed by

The Sin that Christ did bear ;

By a Surety it willingly

Made Sin to disappear.

Cant. iv. 7.

Heb. 7. 22.

Jer. l. 20.

Eternity will ne'er let fly,

An Arrow in the Face

Of those that under Jesus lie ;

They shall be sav'd by Grace.

If. liv. 9, 10.

Psal. xxxix.

28.

1 Ki. xxii. Eternity decreed the Lie,
 20. 21. By which proud *Ahab* fell;
Acts iv. 27. And laid its Hand upon the Man
 28. That did our Jesus sell.

1 *Joh.* ii. 21. Eternity did hate the Lie
 The evil Spirit mov'd;
 By which we see it did decree
 2 *Thes.* ii. The Thing it never lov'd.
 11, 12.

Rom. viii. Eternity did justify
 33, 34. co. with *Job.* All those for whom Christ dy'd;
 xxiii. 13. Yet they in Time have Faith divine,
Mat. xii. To shew them justify'd.
 21. *Heb.* xi. 1.

Je. xxxi. 3. Eternity did fixedly
Is. xliii. 19. Appoint how we should grow,
 By Waterings, and daily Springs,
 While we are here below.

A. xvii. 26. Eternity hath set the Bounds
 Of all our Dwellings here;
 The Place, the Grace, and Light
 of Face
Is. xlii. 3. That shall to us appear.

Gal. i. 15 Eternity hath set the Day,
 16, To call us out of Sin;
Acts xiii. It likewise did appoint the Way,
 48. And means to bring us in.

Eter-

Eternity was never blind *If. xlviii. 8.*
 About our Slips and Sore; *Pf. cxxxix.*
 It fix'd the Way, and Time of Day,^{2.}
 When Sin should make us poor.

Eternity hath noted down *G. xxiv. 14.*
 Our Yoke-Fellow and Child;
 And whether Cross, or Gain, or *1 Ki. xiii. 2.*
 Loss,
 Most holy, or most wild. *Gen. xvi.*
11, 12.

Eternity hath nam'd the Day *Job vii. 1.*
 Of Meeting, and of Death; *1 Sm. xxviii.*
 And it hath marked out the Way^{19.}
 Of sending forth the Breath. *Ezek. xxiv.*
16, 18.

Eternity is set so high,
 No Man can come to it;
 It doth despise the Eagle's-Eyes, *1 Cor. i. 19.*
 And sharpness of Man's Wit.

Eternity will not declare *Job xxxiii.*
 The Reason of its Ways; *13.*
 Then let it now our Hearts prepare,
 To give it mighty Praise. *Pro. xvi. 1.*

Eternity that cannot lie,
 Hath sworn, and can't go back;
 The Soul that doth these Things
 apply,
 Shall live, and never lack. *Joh. vi. 35.*

The discontented World.

WHEN I was thinking how this
World doth walk,
I heard a Noise which many
Men call Talk;

By which they please themselves, and others
too,

But Talk alone no mighty Things can do.
But hearing still, I still the further went,
To see if I could see the Pearl Content;
I heard the Thing discours'd amongst the
Crew,

Yet none could prove he had Contentment
true.

The Miser who hath Coffers full of Gold,
And Heaps of Cash that scarcely can be
told,

Is reaching still at more, with greedy Eyes,
And never knows were true Contentment
lies.

The Man that hath Estates both fair and
large,

Will grumble at the greatness of his
Charge;

His Neighbour's Vineyard he doth much
desire,

For his own Water cannot quench his Fire.
And

And he that is through Honour swell'd
with Pride,

His Heart is such as he can ne'er abide,
'To see another mount with Wings of Fame;
And therefore strives to blast his Neighbour's Name.

And others which have dressed very fine,
And sweetly painted their corrupted Shrine,
Will angry be, if other Persons grow
Into a Fashion which they do not know.
And some who in their Labours pine away,
Whilst others flourish, and their Beams
display,

Do gnash their Teeth, to see the Silver run
'To others Purfes and themselves undone:
Some seeing others very much belov'd
Above themselves, at this are greatly mov'd,
But cannot help themselves, by all their
Wit,

And so at last, like Fools, in Silence sit.
The Buyer thinks the Seller stands too high,
And in his Anger vows he'll ne'er comply;
His Anger makes the other angry too,
And both are bob'd in what they thought
to do.

Another Man he takes an handsome Wife,
Whose Beauty was the Mistress of his Life;
But when the Dust upon this Bloom remain,
He longs to have it turn'd to Dust again.

The

The Wife is discontent, when she suppose
Her Husband's Love doth with another
close :

A jealous Thought creates a Soul Disease,
And makes a Rage that Gifts will not appease.

The comely Virgin she would wedded be,
The Man she loves is not at present Free ;
This hard Denial cuts her at the Heart,
And gives a Wound that works the Surgeon's Art.

The Tradesman sees his Neighbour's Trade
advance,

And though he thinks that all Men have
their Chance ;

His Fortune, as he calls it, being poor,
He looks with Envy on his Neighbour's
Door.

The Children that have loving Parents
dear,

Are oft possessed with a slavish Fear ;
Lest others should be more indulg'd than
they,

And through such Thoughts their Parents
disobey.

The Servant murmurs at his daily Toil,
And this doth make his Master's Blood to
boil :

So discontent is rais'd in both their Minds,
And they are blown by clean contrary
Winds.

The learned Man that boasteth of his Arts,
And by Improvement strains his Mental
Parts;

Is griev'd to think, he doth not yet know
all,

And by this Means to discontent doth fall.

Most loving Friends do often ill surmise,

Because some Makebair interposeth lies;

And so thereby an Evil is begot,

To grieve each other for they know not
what.

The most of Men are discontented here,

Because they meet with Things they cannot

bear;

Sometimes the Things themselves are very

ill;

Sometimes they make them so by musing

still.

The only Cure of gnawing Discontent,

Is to submit the Will, and have it bent,

To God's Disposal, ruling ev'ry Thing,

The poorest Subject, and the richest

King.

The

The Contented Man.

BEING call'd to travel in a
Way,
Where those that go enjoy but
little Day;

I thought I should not be dis-
courag'd quite,
If I could find but one Thing in the Night:
The Thing I long'd to see was sweet Con-
tent,

A Thing I had not found where'er I went;
At last I met a Man whose Lot was small,
But yet he said, he had Content withal.
At this my Soul began to mount with Wings,
Expecting now to hear of many Things
I never found in all my Way before,
And so I rested at the good Man's Door.
We quickly fell into some serious Talk,
And then he led me to a private Walk;
And with a chearful Mind began to tell,
What Food he had that made him look so
well:

Says he I speak it to the Praise of Grace,
I am contented in the State and Place,
My God hath set me in, because I see,
My Father's Hand, in all that comes to me.

I know

I know my God is Sov'reign Lord of all,
And so an Hair from me can never fall,
But by the Virtue of his wise Decree;
And this doth give Contentment unto me.
I think again, altho' I am but poor,
I have no Cause to pine; for I have more
Than all the Angels that at once did fall;
For I have Grace, and they have none at
all.

I don't envy the rich, because they have,
The Things of Time, as much as Heart
can crave;

'Tis to be fear'd they have their Portion
now,

But mine is kept for me they know not
how.

And what if I were rich, and righteous
too,

I am not sure what good my Gold would do;
I might be rich, to lay up for mine Own,
And yet be poor where Bounty should be
shewn.

For though I think, I have no Idol now,
Perhaps a golden Wedge might make me
bow;

And I might be adorn'd by those that love
An earthen God, more than the God above.
And so I might in Time acquainted be,
With those that hate both Jesus Christ, and
me;

And

And lower Glory always in my Sight,
Would make the higher to appear less
bright.

I know I don't deserve my present Bread,
Because I lost it in mine ancient Head;
I had enough in him, but there I fell,
And 'tis by Grace, I am not now in Hell.
But Thanks to Mercy, I can praise again,
Because the Lamb of God for me was slain;
When I am hungry, he is Bread to me;
And when thirst, the Well of Life is
free.

When Pain and Sicknes do my Clay invade,
I think 'twas Mercy still, that I was made;
And when *Jehovah's* Sword doth touch my
Skin,

I think it Mercy, that it goes not in:
And if he give me Stripes upon my Sore,
I think it is by Grace I have no more;
And when my Father doth exalt his Rod,
I fall down low, and cry, thou art my God.
It humbles me to think, that though I use,
But little of this World, yet I abuse,
A great deal of that Little, so that I
Have Cause to go in Mourning till I die.
And when my Father doth remove my
Friends,

I know it is for wise and holy Ends;
And though it runs against my fleshly Will,
I know my Father is my Father still.

And

And so I am content in ev'ry Thing,
 And in some Measure subject to my King:
 For this Subjection always makes me free,
 And so by stooping more, the more I see.
 Thus I have shewn my Treasure unto you,
 And told you how my Soul is framed now;
 Let Jesus Christ for this have lasting Praise,
 And let his Love guide my remaining Days.



Self-Love.



Mongst the restless Thoughts
 which I have had,
 I did enquire, what makes the
 World so bad:
 At last in seeking, I did find
 a Thing,
 Which ruleth all, and therefore must be
 King.

There is a Thing that comes not from
 above,
 But from beneath, which may be call'd
 Self-Love;

'Tis justly called so, my Pen hath hit
 The very White, for that's the Name of it:
 The great *Mogul* and *Cham* which do ap-
 pear,

Such mighty Monarchs, pay a Tribute here:

D

The

The *Turk* and *Pope*, as lofty as they be,
Are always crown'd upon this Ruler's Knee.
Tho' Whigs and Tories be each other's Foes,
And act in divers Circles, yet they close,
In this great Centre, and at last do fall
Upon the Point of wishing Self had all.
The crafty Merchant, tho' he doth pretend,
To love his Country, and oblige his Friend;
His prime Enquiry doth respect his Gains,
And whether they will countervale his Pains.
My Neighbour doth my daily Wants espy,
And tells me of them with a smiling Eye;
But Self lies at the Bottom, for thinks he,
Perhaps my Neighbour now will buy of me.
The Lawyer by his Universal Love,
To sue for Justice, will the grieved move:
But what cares he, which of them gets the
Pelf;
He is resolved to enrich himself.
The Churchman grants the Cure of Souls
to be,
The greatest Cure, yet when he comes to
see
A dainty Living that's about to fall,
He judges this, the greatest Cure of all.
The learned Doctor courts his Patient's
Health,
And by one Simple might restore this
Wealth:

But

But yet if Angels dance, and Guineas play,
He'll give him Compounds to his dying Day.
The Man who hath some Sparks of moral
Sense,

Will pity those that meet with hard Events ;
Because he thinks it will procure him Fame,
And hopes to meet with Comfort in the
same.

A Man commends his loving Friend so long,
As he perceives the Knot on both Sides
Strong ;

But when Returns of Love begin to cease,
Self-Love commands him then to hold his
Peace.

The youthful Spark he wooes his Mistress,
why ?

Because Compleatness doth in Union lie :
Pleasure or Profit, doth excite each one,
If these be wanting, she may dwell alone.
A rich Man dying, many will enquire,
What is his Will, and what his last Desire ?
They do not ask, that they may learn to
die,

But in some Hopes, he hath not pass'd them
by.

The Husbandman delights in pleasant Rain;
Not for his Neighbours, but his private
Gain:

For if the Dew upon his Fleece might lie.
He'd seldom weep, to see another's dry.

The distant Owner, hearing Ships are lost,
Is griev'd, for fear it should be to his Cost ;
But when he comes to hear his own is well,
He grieves no more, nor asks, how many
fell.

The legal Zealot many Things will do,
He'll serve himself, and serve another too ;
By living well, he thinks to win the Prize,
And Self alone shall have his Sacrifice.

And some that have no need, complain of
Want,

To those whose Bread they know to be but
scant ;

Left they should something from their
Hands expect,

And so by lying, cover their Neglect.

This subtle Self will soon forgive a Wrong,

To those that charm it with a lovely Song :

Tell it of Corn, and Wine, 'twill quickly
hear,

But give it nothing, it will nothing bear.

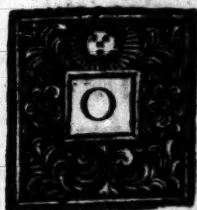
To wind up all, I fear that Self should
lead

Me to explain it under ev'ry Head ;

For through another, I can plainly see,

That Self hath always been too hard for
me.

The

The dying Infant.

F all the mournful Sights which
I have seen,
And doleful Places, where my
Feet have been,
There's none that in my
Thoughts commands a Room,
More than the viewing of an Infant's
Tomb.

To tax the guiltless is a Thing unjust,
And hard to sentence Innocents to Dust :
I know no Law that suites before we Sin ;
No Judge condemns, till Evidence comes in.
Without a Law no Creature could trans-
gress,

Where Rule is wanting, there is no Excess :
Without Transgression, none can justly die ;
But Babes have Sin, as well as you and I.
As *Adam* was the common Head of all,
So all his Sons are charged with his Fall :
The Fountain of our Nature was in him,
And so his Poison tainted ev'ry Limb :
Infants are Limbs of him, and they are
clad,

With all the Parts which their first Father
had,

Who by his Fall have lost their moral
Strength;

For all Men are but *Adam* drawn at length.
If a whole Lump of Gold was made im-
pure,

And base in ev'ry Part, then we are sure,
That ev'ry Inch of Wire, tho' ne'er so small,
That's drawn from thence, will be impure
withal.

A single Drop divided from the rest
Of the salt Ocean, hath a brackish Taste;
And if a thousand Drops from it should
run,

The Nature of the Whole would be in one.
The least of Men is Man, and so contains
The Cause of Sorrow, Sickneses and Pains.
Infants are Drops of *Adam's* filthy Blood,
The Whole was nought, how should the
Parts be good?

The Stock was guilty of a great Offence,
The Branches then can have no just Pre-
tence,

To clear themselves from Blame, till they
can shew,

They are no Parts of that on which they
grew.

If Babes could prove themselves indeed to
be

No Sprigs of him that tasted of the Tree,
Which

Which God forbad, then they might truly
say,

Why should we die? We did ne'er diso-
bey.

But if the Infant should come forth to plead,
Its non-consenting with its fallen Head :

The Law would stop its Mouth with its
own Lid,

And say, Thou art a piece of him that did.

Thou hast consenting Nature in thee still,

And that's the Cause of all Consent of Will:

I judge the Cause of Sin, a Sin to be;

Because to Sin, it makes the Sinner free.

And tho' with Cain, thou never yet didst
spill

Thy Brother's Blood, nor with another Ill;

Thou hast a Nature which in Time would
cause

Thy Hands and Heart to break my sacred
Laws.

To have a Root of Bitterness in thee,

Is worse than bitter Fruit upon the Tree;

For tho' one Sin committed, makes a Sore,

The Spawn of all will make a Thousand
more.

Thy Nature is a Sin-conceiving Womb,

From whence enormous Births do always
come;

And

And thou art pregnant now with ev'ry
Crime,

Which elder Persons do bring forth in Time,
And tho' thy Days but few in Number be,
They do entail Eternity on thee:

Thy little Dust must in the Grave remain,
But at the Judgment, thou shalt rise again.
Is this the Case of Infants? Then say I,
Without a Jesus, they can ne'er come nigh,
That God whom Scripture stiles, the holy
One,

And Holiness, by Nature, they have none.
But yet thro' Christ, an Infant may receive
Pardon of Sin, altho' it can't believe;

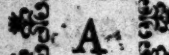
Grace acts on Passives, as the Scripture saith,
And we are such in our receiving Faith.

Then let us leave our Infants in that Hand;
Which hath all Being sunder its Command;
Who will have Mercy in a Way unknown,
And never loseth those which are his own.



Labour in Vain.

 S I was walking in a Sunshine
Day,

 A When pleasing Rays of Light
their Wings display;

Betwixt the Shades, I saw the Atomes move,
Some sinking down, whilst others rose above.

Upon

Upon attentive View they seem'd to be
Inclin'd to Union, yet I could not see,
These Motes to join; for when they did
draw near,
A Wind arose, which drove them here and
there.
At this my thinking Soul was seiz'd with
Pain,
Because I saw their Labour was in Vain;
But yet I thought it worth my Time to stay,
To see these Atoms busy at their Play:
They play'd for nothing, yet did sometimes
win,
But those that gain'd, could never bring
it in,
To fix it as they would, but by and by,
Another Gamester comes his Arts to try:
When he had play'd a while, and nothing
won,
His Fellows cry'd that they were quite
undone:
Yet those that did the greatest Loss sustain,
Lost nothing but the Dreams of empty Gain.
Some rose betimes, and labour'd hard all
Day,
And in the Evening play'd it all away:
Others left Heaps of Treasure, when they
fell,
To their succeeding Motes, but could not
tell,

How

How long uncertain Glory would endure ;
So they had nothing, since they'd nothing
sure.

Some Atoms did their Fellow-Motes sur-
prize,

And jeer'd the rest, because they wanted
Eyes :

And in their Gallop rode as if they flew,
But in a Moment fell they knew not how.
The greatest Sands indeed outweigh'd the
rest,

Yet still the biggest seldom were the best ;
And though their Prudence, hated to be
poor,

Their reaching Folly made them sink the
more.

The finest Exercise these Atoms knew,
Is but to catch the Flies that bred below ;
And pressing many into little Room,
They bruise them all before they get them
home :

When this is done, they cast them all away,
Hoping for better Luck another Day :

The Day comes on, and they catch many
more,

But meet the same Success they had before.
Another pretty Game those Motes do show,
Is by an Hook to pull each other low ;

Some-

Sometimes their Bait takes Fish, yet they
complain,

And when there's none, they lay it down
again,

If Angling will not do, they'll take a Gun,
To shoot the Fish, which in the Water
turn ;

Which being kill'd do sink into the Mud,
So all is lost, and they have done no Good.

When any of these Atoms in Compare,
With other Atoms do more bright appear ;

To compass these, there is a deal to do,
And when 'tis done, 'tis but a Trifle too.

Like Butter-Flies, they pass the Summer
through,

And leave their Spawn almost on ev'ry
Bough :

But when the Frost of Winter makes them
white,

They pass away, like Vapours, out of Sight:

Some of these thinking Atoms try to found,
Eternal Mansions on a sinking Ground:

'Tis all in Vain, their Houses can't pretend
To last for ever, they must have an End.

At last, I spy'd a Number on a Hill,
Of these small Motes, and each would
have his Will ;

One said, I will have this, another that,
And he that had most Flesh, would have
most Fat :

From

From Words they fell to Blows, and fought
it out ;

From Blows to Words, and so they tack'd
about :

Thus what the Morning found, the Ev'ning
lost,

And each was entertain'd at his own Cost :

For when I came to count up all their Gain,
I found, that all their Labour was in Vain.

So I returning home, resolv'd to be,

As watchful as I could, that I might see,

My Labour was not so, in him whom I

Desire to serve, with Patience, till I die.

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WHEN I would fain have slept  
in perfect Peace,

And so commanded all my  
Thoughts to cease ;

That they might never ask the  
Reason, why

Some Objects touch, and others can't come  
nigh ?

Whilst I was striving thus to check the  
Stream,

I was surprized with a teaching Dream,  
Wherein

Wherein I thought I heard an Angel say;  
There is a Voice which all Things shall  
obey.

I quickly thought 'twas not the Voice of  
Law,

For this doth make but few to stand in awe;  
No, no, saith he, there is another Voice,  
Which helps to chuse, and yet denies the  
Choice.

At this I trembling stood, but could not  
tell,

How to reply, the Angel spake so well.

Consider then, said he, 'tis Work for  
Thought,

Do but observe, and proof will soon be  
brought:

King David did a lawful Thing request,  
When he desir'd to build a Place of Rest,  
For Jacob's God, God help'd him to project,  
But yet deny'd that he should this effect.  
This Instance tho' but one, may serve for  
all

The Multitude of lawful Things that fall;  
And come to nought, for want of a Decree,  
To make them stand like Things that are  
to be.

Suppose a thousand Steps were marked out  
Unto the End of what you are about;

E

Tho'



Tho' God deny'd the End, yet you might  
run  
Nine Hundred Ninety Nine, that's all but  
One:  
That one you cannot stride; for there the  
Word  
Of God's Decree stands like a flaming  
Sword;  
To keep the Way, and you from your De-  
fire,  
So all this while you labour in the Fire.  
Sometimes a Ship that's for the Haven  
bound,  
Doth sail a Thousand Leagues, and feels  
no Ground;  
Yet by and by, she falls upon a Rock,  
Where God intends to give the fatal Shock.  
The Advocate you chuse to plead your  
Cause,  
May be accomplish'd well in human Laws;  
But yet if Providence design your Loss,  
Some Word shall fail, some Sentence shall  
run cross.  
If Means tho' ne'er so good have been ap-  
ply'd,  
Yet oftentimes Success has been deny'd;  
Tho' Instruments have far excell'd in Skill,  
No Art could ever alter Heaven's Will.

When

When all Things in Conjunction lend their  
Hand,

To raise a Mount, and make that Moun-  
tain stand ;

So far as God determines them they act,  
But where he stops, they cease, in ev'ry  
Fact.

When massy Gold is set before Mens Eyes,  
And they exert their Strength to win the  
Prize ;

There is an Hand that lays a secret Stone,  
And so they fall before the Prize is won.  
Sometimes the Wills of two are strongly  
set,

To make but one, and nothing may it let ;  
But this forbidding Voice doth make them  
stay,

Revokes the Choice, and turn't another  
Way.

Another Time some Matters are propos'd,  
Which Men of Wisdom say, shall ne'er be  
clos'd ;

But God denies their Negative, and then,  
The Thing is done, in spight of Gods and  
Men.

If black Designs be manag'd ne'er so well,  
In strong Alliance with the Blacks of Hell ;  
There is a Stake, that cuts off this Career,  
And strikes the Riders with a pannick Fear.

The Angels which do stand before the  
Throne,

Can tell the Truth of this from one to one;  
For by the Strength of this denying Voice,  
Themselves are kept from an unlawful  
Choice.

The noble Fabrick of this earthly Globe,  
That's always crown'd with an expanded  
Robe,

Would fall to ruin, break on ev'ry Side,  
But for that Word which hath this Thing  
deny'd.

The damned ones in Hell would cease to  
be,

And chuse non-entity, but this Decree  
Denies that Nothing-state which they de-  
sire,

Because it hath reserved them for Fire.

Then let my Will be subject to this Word,

'Tis vain to run against *Jehovah's* Sword;

Let his preceptive Will become my Choice,

Whilst I am fixed by his negant Voice.

*The*

*The Poor Man's Province:*

Rose betimes, to go I knew  
not where,  
By Even-tide, I found that I  
was there;  
And as I went, I fell upon a  
Strand,  
Where all Men do obey, but none com-  
mand.  
I ask'd the Name of this unpleasant Shore,  
They said, It is the Province of the Poor;  
And lies upon the Coast of Want and  
Wrong;  
Which you will find, as you do pass along.  
I went on still an easy Country-Jog,  
But presently I met a dismal Fog,  
Which grew so dark, I could not see my  
Way,  
And made me fall upon my Knees to pray:  
Before I did begin, I look'd about,  
To see if I could spy a Cushion out;  
But there alas! was nothing to be found,  
But Sighs and Sobs upon the naked Ground.  
I thought 'twas something hard, but yet at  
last,  
I did conclude to stay, Night came so  
fast;

And



And when I thought, I would refresh my  
Soul,  
The Country yielded neither Fish nor  
Fowl.

So Nature being weary sought to please  
It self with Sleep, but there was little  
Ease;

For lying down upon a feldred Flock,  
It yielded to me like a flinty Rock.

The Morning came, the Sun went on his  
Race,

But pinching Wants appear'd in ev'ry  
Place.

There was a Talk of Plenty that was nigh,  
But still the People had no Cash to buy.

Abundance of good Things went up and  
down,

And choice Provisions passed through the  
Town;

Yet those that lived there, could do no  
more

Than just behold them running past the  
Door.

Whilst I was forced here to make Abode,  
I found old Rags and Tatters alamode;

And those that got new Clothes never had  
A Penny for their old, they were so bad.

Charcoal and Billet never touch their Fire,

Such costly Things, they must not once de-  
fire;

'Tis

'Tis well if they can get some Fuel in,  
By fleaing of the Earth, to burn its Skin.  
Rich Carpets and fine Hangings don't be-  
come

Their drooping Cottages, yet they have  
some

Resemblance of such Glory on their Walls,  
Where Cobwebs hang, and Spiders get  
their Falls.

Instead of Silver Plate, an earthen Dish,  
And little there to put, except a Wish  
Of some such Dainties, as the Rich enjoy;  
Whilst Hope and Hunger do their Peace-  
destroy.

I saw no Feasting all the Time I staid,  
But now and then there is a Visit paid;  
To tell each other, they are very poor,  
A Story which they knew too well before.  
When Straits are very great they often try,  
To beg or borrow, which will best comply  
With those to whom they make their sad  
Address,

But when they borrow much, they pay the  
Less.

When they fall out, they'll speak as big as  
those

Who have it in their Hands for to oppose;  
But after all, no Chanc'ry Suits they know,  
For they are fain to end it all below.

There

There is no Trading here, for Trade must  
trust,  
And Trust they can't, for then their Starv-  
ing must

Come next in Place, so they are bound to  
live

Upon the Crumbs which God doth daily  
give.

Would they be frugal, they have Nought  
to spare,

So their Condition doth impede their Care;  
To spin out nothing is the strangest pull,  
And none can do't, for nothing hath no  
Wool.

And some designing Men who love their  
Gold,

Ride through this Province, as I have been  
told,

To grind the Faces of these wretched  
Souls,

Whilst they themselves drink Wine in  
lusty Bowls.

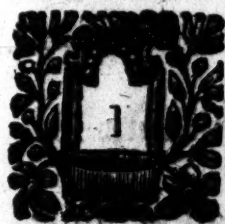
When I was mounted for to come away,  
Behind a Bush, I heard one of them say,  
Christ, and a Crust, Lord, sanctify to me,  
Can I be poor who have a Right to thee?  
At this mine Heart began to leap indeed,  
For now I thought, Grace might consist  
with Need;

And

And if the Lord be pleas'd to make me  
 one  
 Of his poor Flock, I shall not be un-  
 done.



*True Love.*



IN going through this Wilder-  
 ness of Tears,  
 Where humane Hopes are al-  
 ways mixt with Fears;  
 In dumpish Silence, as I pass'd  
 along,  
 I thought I heard one sing a pleasant Song.  
 It was not raw, but grave and well com-  
 pos'd,  
 And all its Parts were very neatly clos'd;  
 Whilst I was wandring, looking still about,  
 I cast an Eye, and found a Shepherd out.  
 I ask'd him, Why he was so merry there,  
 Since this is nothing but a World of Fear;  
 'Tis true, saith he, yet I can live above,  
 The Fear of All, for I have found true  
 Love.  
 I paws'd a while, and ponder'd what he  
 said,  
 But yet to ask him more I was afraid,  
 Which



Which he perceiv'd; come then, faith he,  
I'll tell

You what it is, and why I sing so well.

Though I am here sometimes, I know a  
Place

Where true Love dwells, which is the  
Nurse of Grace:

I'm often there, and there I love to be,  
Where Force was never known, but all are  
free.

Kind Heart, and lowly are its constant  
Friends,

Thankful, and think no Ill, without By-  
Ends,

Wait on its Honour, with a pleasing Smile;  
Great Truth, and Joy attending all the  
while.

Courage and Wisdom always go before,  
Good Nature meets them, to unlock the  
Door;

Speak but for one, you shall be sure of  
Ten,

To come behind, and welcome true Love  
in.

Which being plac'd, they all expect to hear  
Some sweet Discourse that's winning, plain  
and clear,

With charming Meekness clothing ev'ry  
Word,

Expert in War, but loth to use the Sword.

Ask

Ask what you will, it never can deny,  
And always gives to those that cannot buy;  
It loves not much Intreaty, that's indeed  
Too low, for such a Vertue once to need.  
'Tis flexible and easy to be gain'd;  
'Twill yield a deal, before it will be stain'd  
With Self-Conceit, a Vice it ever fears,  
Because it is the Way to many Snares.  
'Tis always glad, when others do rejoyce,  
And mourns with those that have a mourn-  
ful Voice;  
And when it sees the Troubled full of  
Grief,  
It never Scoffs, but studies their Relief:  
It seeks no starting Holes, nor paltry  
Shifts,  
For to revoke its Grants, and former  
Gifts;  
Addition is an Art in which 'tis full,  
And ready too, but at Substraction dull.  
No Silver Bribes can draw its Heart awry,  
Nor Golden Bails allure it to a Lie;  
'Twill sink with Truth, if Truth lie in the  
Ditch,  
Rather than chuse a Falshood to be rich.  
It does not act by Fits, but keeps a Pace  
That's even, smooth and sure in all its  
Race;  
And if it be obstructed over Night,  
It is more active in the Morning Light.

Some

Sometimes it is misus'd, but that's a shame,  
For those that do it wrong are much to  
blame;

And when 'tis slighted, it will shed a Tear,  
That's all it does, and that it can't for-  
bear.

It plays no foolish Trick, nor childish Game,  
'Tis ever like it self, and still the same;  
'Tis constant, steady, resolute and bold,  
And groweth sweeter, as it waxeth old.

And when it goes to its desired Thing,  
It always rides upon the Swallow's Wing;  
And while 'tis going, thinks an Hour a  
Day,

But when 'tis there, forgets to come away;  
For there it meets with what it use to crave,  
It's All is there, and more it cannot have;  
Now short Eternities in Silence run,  
And Time proceeds, as if there were no  
Sun.

Absence is hard to bear, it often goes,  
Upon its mental Feet, though Walls in-  
close

Its grosser Parts, yet Thought this Fig-  
ment gives,

'Tis where it loveth more than where it  
lives.

And

And those who grieve this Dove, can seldom find

Much Peace or Satisfaction in their Mind ;  
And if its Mother stops its harmless Breath,  
It hath a Father to revenge its Death.



*Upon the Proclamation of the KING.*

HERE'S welcome News to *English*  
Jews,

GEORGE LEWIS is proclaim'd,  
Whilst *Lewis Grand* has lost Com-  
mand,

And *Perkin's* Glory stain'd.

Good Men did pray for this good Day,

Some call't the Day of Doom ;

Yea, some complain, and others feign,

King GEORGE will come too soon.

Had the Pretender come to rule,

High Church had clamour'd loud ;

And ev'ry Ass upon a Mule

Had rode amongst the Crowd.



But now, alas! 'tis come to pass,  
 That Fear doth them annoy;  
 Their Bells do ring, a *Luth'ran* King,  
 Which makes but trembling Joy.

'Tis strange indeed, 'twould make one bleed,  
 To think how *Tories* sung,  
 When Peace advanc'd the Pride of *France*,  
 But now they are struck dumb.

Religion makes their Joints to shake,  
 They fear the Truth will tread  
 Their Errors down upon the Ground,  
 And bruise the Serpent's Head.

Now let the King for ever live,  
 The Faithful to protect;  
 Let honest Hearts high Praises give  
 To him that's King elect.

We hope to see the Gospel free  
 Under his crowned Head;  
 Let him be blest with all the best,  
 And let his Foes lie dead.

There was a Noise of *Romish* Toys,  
 That Noise begins to cease;  
 We do not fear that foppish *Geer*  
 Will grow upon the Peace.

For tho' of late Kings did not hate  
The *Babylonish* Whore,  
The Time draws nigh, when she must lie  
Lamenting in her Gore.

How hard would *England's* Fate have been;  
If we had play'd the Fool,  
To chuse a Prince for our Defence,  
That's nothing but a Tool?

If that dark Son should come to reign  
Which doth thereto aspire;  
Then we must go to Mass again,  
Or else to scorching Fire.

Our Bibles must be torn away,  
Our Teachers teach no more,  
Our Children must become a Prey,  
Our Grandees soon made poor.

Let ev'ry Christian then adore  
The Providence of God,  
Which hath in Time heal'd *England's* Sore,  
And burn'd the Wicked's Rod.



*Upon the Crowning the KING.*

  GREAT Prince, and Hero in the  
 G Rolls of Fame,  
  Empal'd with Diadems, to keep  
 your Name ;

Oppress'd with Joy, some Spiracle would  
 find,

Returning Praise to the eternal Mind ;  
 Great in your royal Self, and Issue bright ;  
 Elector, King, Protector, all by right :  
 Legal Possessor of the *British* Throne,  
 Emerging when our Hopes were almost  
 gone,

With much dilating Joy you do us fill,  
 In all your Conduct and renowned Skill,  
 Still guided by the great *Jehovah's* Will. }



*An ELEGY upon the sudden  
Death of my very loving and much  
lamented Friend, Mr. NICHOLAS  
CHAMBERLAIN, who departed  
this Life on Feb. 10. 1714-15.*

WHAT! dead and gone! a strange  
amazing Thing;

A sudden Stroke may all thy Mourners  
sing :

I hardly think it should be so indeed,  
But when I think again, it makes me bleed.  
To know the Truth of all, I touch'd the  
Place

Where I was wont to see that smiling  
Face,

Which never put a righteous Man in Fear,  
But when I came, I could not find thee  
there.

Now since the sad Report is true, and  
none

Can once make up the Breach, but God  
alone;

It doth behove the Living left behind  
To pray that they may be as well inclin'd.



Thy loving Wife hath lost an Husband  
dear,  
Thy Children stripped of a Father's Care;  
But yet, through Mercy, they have some-  
thing still,  
Besides the Substance left them in thy Will :  
Thy Mantle of Instructions, which did  
fall,  
And good Examples set before them all ;  
May they by these, and such as these, be  
won,  
To keep an House for God, as thou hast  
done :  
"Twas not an empty House, but fill'd with  
Love,  
The Wheel which makes all other Wheels  
to move,  
Plain *Jacob's* Dealings lodged on thy  
Ground,  
Whilst *Esau's* Compliments no Favour found.  
Thou didst the fundamental Truths em-  
brace,  
The Sound that pleas'd thee, was the Sound  
of Grace ;  
The Voice of Strangers was no Joy to  
thee,  
But to the Saints, as Saints, thy Heart was  
free.

The

The Loss of worldly Things did seldom  
make

Thy Countenance to change, or Hand to  
shake,

Much less to wither, in the Work of God,  
And few can stoop, like thee, to kiss the  
Rod.

And though thy sudden Death doth make  
us stand

Admiring at the great *Jehovah's* Hand ;

'Tis no new Thing, 'twas so in former  
Time,

Good *Eli's* was as sudden Death as thine.

The Ark of God was gone, and then he  
fell,

Yet still his God was there, so all was well.

As thou hast help'd the Ark in Time of  
Need,

We hope 'twill stay with those that shall  
succeed.

But what is Man ? the best of Men must  
die ;

Death gives no Respite, never tells a  
Lie :

For, Dust thou are, is what it speaketh  
plain,

And therefore thou must turn to Dust a-  
gain.

There's

There's no Discharge, from this no Man  
is free,

Both Rich and Poor must bow to this De-  
cree ;

It is appointed, Purpose makes it sure,  
And none but Christ can make our Life  
secure.

To be in Christ is all, for those that are  
Bone of his Bone, the Lord doth still pre-  
pare

To yield to Death, let Death come ne'er so  
soon,

And ev'ry Blow it gives comes softer Home.  
Sometimes the Vital Cords are cut so fast,  
There is no Space to speak of what is past,  
Nor Time to talk of what is coming on,  
But yet in Christ Believer's Work is done.

And what if Christ will snatch the Soul a-  
way,

And in a Moment loose it from its Clay ?  
Shall we prescribe a Rule to him who is  
Above all Rules of ours in saving his ?



*The* EPITAPH.

**Y**OU that pass by this Place may  
think on me,

For as you are, so once you did me see ;  
What I am now, will quickly be your  
Doom,

My House is strait, but by my Side there's  
Room.

And if your Dust should fall into my  
Grave,

'Tis no great Matter, ev'ry Man shall  
have

His very Dust, and neither new, nor more,  
For he that made it keeps it all in Store.

*The*





*The Saints great Delight in their  
Heavenly Mansion.*

 S I was musing much upon the  
Ground,  
Whilst Clouds and Darknes did  
involve me round,  
All on a sudden I was made to hear  
A Noise of Musick from the upper Sphere;  
At first I could not tell distinctly what  
The Meaning was, but there was Joy be-  
got,  
Which made me think it was the Sound of  
Men,  
Because my Soul did sympathize within.  
And list'ning still to hear the Musick play,  
I heard one of the chief Musicians say,  
I am the Man God did in *Eden* place,  
And there I saw much of my Maker's  
Face,  
But yet one Day with Jesus, I declare,  
Is better than ten thousand could be there;  
For there my Life was put in my own  
Hands,  
But here I live because my Jesus stands:

And

And *Abel* just, whom cruel *Cain* did kill,  
He sweetly praises his Redeemer's Will,  
In this, that tho' his Father first did hear  
Reports of Glory, he first landed there.  
Good *Abram*, who was once enrich'd with  
Gold,

And Faith more precious too, as we are  
told

Would not exchange the blessed Life of  
Sight

For Faith, nor Gold, nor Kingdoms, if he  
might.

And holy *Job* hath Rich and Poor forgot,  
And left his Substance with his Flesh to  
rot ;

The Change is come which he did much  
desire,

His Feet are wash'd, and now he scorns  
the Mire.

Plain-hearted *Jacob*, he is full of Love,  
The Thought of Mercy makes his Soul to  
move ;

His constant Song is, How comes this a-  
bout,

That I am here, and *Esau* is shut out ?

He ne'er procur'd a Blessing by a Lie,

But in his Dealing more sincere than I.

Tho' *Moses* rul'd, and was in ruling great,

And gave the Law to thousands at his  
Feet,

For

For him to dwell with Christ an Hour, is  
more

Than forty Years with Israel was before.

King *David* he was sweetly skill'd in Verse,  
And did therein God's noble Acts re-  
hearse ;

Yet he is better pleas'd with Heaven's  
Quire,

Than with the Temple, once his great De-  
fire :

For where he singeth now, he's free from  
Sin,

And none but Saints can bring their Cym-  
bals in.

And *Solomon*, who had a Heaven here,

Whose Wisdom made his Vanity appear ;

He would be loth to come from Jesus' Side,

Tho' *Pharaoh's* Daughter might be made his  
Bride.

And Christ the Lord, who in his Godhead  
was

Eternal, boundless, all Perfection has ;

Yet in his Manhood he was glad when he

Was going hence his Father's Throne to  
see ;

And tho' he has great Glory round his  
Seat,

He's longing still to see his Saints com-  
pleat.

Some-

Sometime poor *Peter* stumbled on a Stone,  
But he sings clearer when he thinks there-  
on;

It gives a deeper Impress on his Mind,  
To think he's there, and *Judas* left be-  
hind.

Beloved *John* on whom the Lord did shine,  
In teaching him the Things that are Di-  
vine;

Love dwelt in him, while he on Earth did  
range,

But now he dwells in Love, This is the  
Change.

And blessed *Paul* who did free Grace exalt,  
Is got above the Thorn that did assault  
His Flesh whilst here, and now he freely  
may

Dwell in that Place, where once he might  
not stay:

He had a Sight before, but could not tell  
The Language there, but now he knows it  
well.

The tempted Soul that never could be  
quiet,

Is there advanc'd out of the Devil's sight;  
And if he could peep in, to see their Joy,  
His angry Looks would not their Peace de-  
stroy;



For he is not so Black with all his spite,  
But Jesus Christ their Love is yet more  
white.

The captive Soul that was long bound in  
Thrall,

And stood in fear, lest it should get a  
Fall,

Is mounted there above the reach of Sin,  
And none flows out, because there's none  
within.

The needy Saint that often wanted Bread,  
Is richly fill'd; for there's the Fountain-  
head;

And those that suffer'd here, by grievous  
Pain

Have all their Health restor'd to them a-  
gain.

Reproached Saints whom wicked Men did  
jeer,

Out of their Honour, always find it here;  
- For Jesus Christ he blesteth them, and  
then,

The holy Angels always say Amen:

Then let my Soul approach this happy  
Place,

Where Glory is the Consequent of Grace.



*A Reflection upon* CHRISTMAS-  
FEASTS.



IN Winter Time, when Snow  
was deep,  
And furr'd with icy Dew;  
As I went on along the Street,  
I heard a noisy Crew:

Some sung like Drunkards at their Cup,  
And some like Cut-throats swore;  
Some challeng'd Satan to come up,  
But he was there before.

I asked one the Reason why,  
They danc'd about their Crime;  
He told me Sin had leave to fly  
Abroad in Christmas-Time.

Is this your Christmas-Time? said I,  
The Name thereof declares  
This grand Invention is a Lie,  
And one of *Babel's* Wares:

You join the sacred Name of God  
With Mafs, that Idol vain ;  
And fo in ferving Chrift, you nod  
To bring the Pope again.

As for the Time when Chrift was born,  
It is an hidden Thing ;  
Some fay it was in *Capricorn*,  
And fome fay in the *Spring* :

Some bring *September* to the Queft,  
Yet this doth not appear ;  
But in my Judgment, they think beft,  
Who think on't all the Year.

If Chrift the Lord had thought it fit,  
That we fhould keep a Day ;  
He would no doubt have fixed it,  
But in a better Way.

And though fome Men endow'd with Pelf,  
Run round like Horfe and Mule ;  
If Chrift had kept the Time himfelf,  
That might have been a Rule.

Deviſed Worſhip blames the Lord,  
Doth none Obedience ſhew,  
It hath no Pattern in the Word,  
And therefore can't be true.

But

But *Christmas-Worship*, what is That?  
The vilest of your way;  
You drink the Sweet, and eat the Fat,  
And then rise up to play.

When *Moses's* People made a Calf,  
And did to drinking fall,  
They seem'd to give *Jehovah* half,  
You give him none at all.

Suppose a Pagan should come in,  
To see your Way of Mirth,  
When all your Cups are fill'd with Sin,  
To celebrate Christ's Birth:

Might he not tremble at your Feast,  
And think Christ worse by odds  
Than *Baal*, *Moloch*, and the Rest  
Of his polluted Gods?

Was Christ a Gamester, when did He  
To Cards or Dancing lead?  
Was Musick found upon the Ground,  
Where he five Thousand fed?

Did *Paul* or *Peter* e'er ordain,  
Such Feasting once a Year?  
The Poor do in the Land remain,  
And always want good Cheer.



The Rich have all Things at their Will,  
The Poor still live in Pain;  
But most will call those Men that shall  
Do so to them again.

And after all, there is no Good  
Can from such Feasting flow;  
Because that drunken Neighbourhood  
Doth make Contention grow.

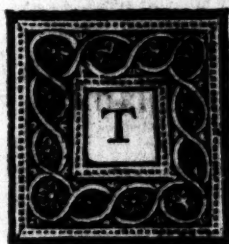
And he that doth respect the Needs  
Of some poor Guests of His,  
Shall be abus'd by those he feeds,  
What Vanity is this?

But yet if I be call'd to Feast,  
Where I shall have no Foe;  
I can receive what I like best,  
And let old *Christmas* go.





## A Wedding SONG.



THE great Creator formed  
 one  
 Of Dust, and then said  
 He,  
 It is not good to be alone ;  
 I'll make an Help for thee.

A second Self I'll make for thee  
 Who shall thine Image bear ;  
 And she a constant Help shall be,  
 In all thy Work and Care.

How happy were this lovely Pair,  
 Whilst they in *Eden* stood !  
 But by their Sin they did bring in,  
 Transgression like a Flood :

This

This Flood hath overflow'd the Name  
Of *Adam's* humane Blood,  
Which once was pure, but now,  
No Drop of it is good.

If *Adam* eat at *Eve's* Request,  
And by that Eating fall;  
He'll lay the Fault upon the Best  
Who never sin'd at all.

If *Eve* be taxed for the same,  
And can't from Justice flee;  
The Serpent then must bear the Blame,  
For he beguiled me.

How happy had this Couple been,  
Had they agreed as far,  
To keep the Peace which they were in,  
As they agreed to jar!

This Jar hath crack'd the World so wide,  
Behold how Man is crost!  
The Joy that finds the Man and Bride,  
By Man and Wife is lost.

Since both agreed to gain this Loss,  
Which neither would confess,  
Let both agree to bear the Cross,  
The Weight shall be the less.

And

And notwithstanding all that's done,  
By Satan, World, and Sin;  
If both be found in God's dear Son,  
Then both will live to Him.

If both agree in Christ to live,  
And both in Christ to die;  
The Grace that both shall then receive  
Will make them both comply.

All little Wrongs will be forgot,  
And great ones shan't appear;  
When both shall stand in *Jacob's* Lot,  
No *Leah* shall be there.







*On the Day of Judgment.*



**W**HEN God will look upon us  
all,

With Smiling in his Face,  
Then we shall know we are  
in Him

Supported by his Grace.

That is a Thing, and new to me,  
That God hath now begun,  
And by his Grace now I can see  
The Glory of the Son.



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